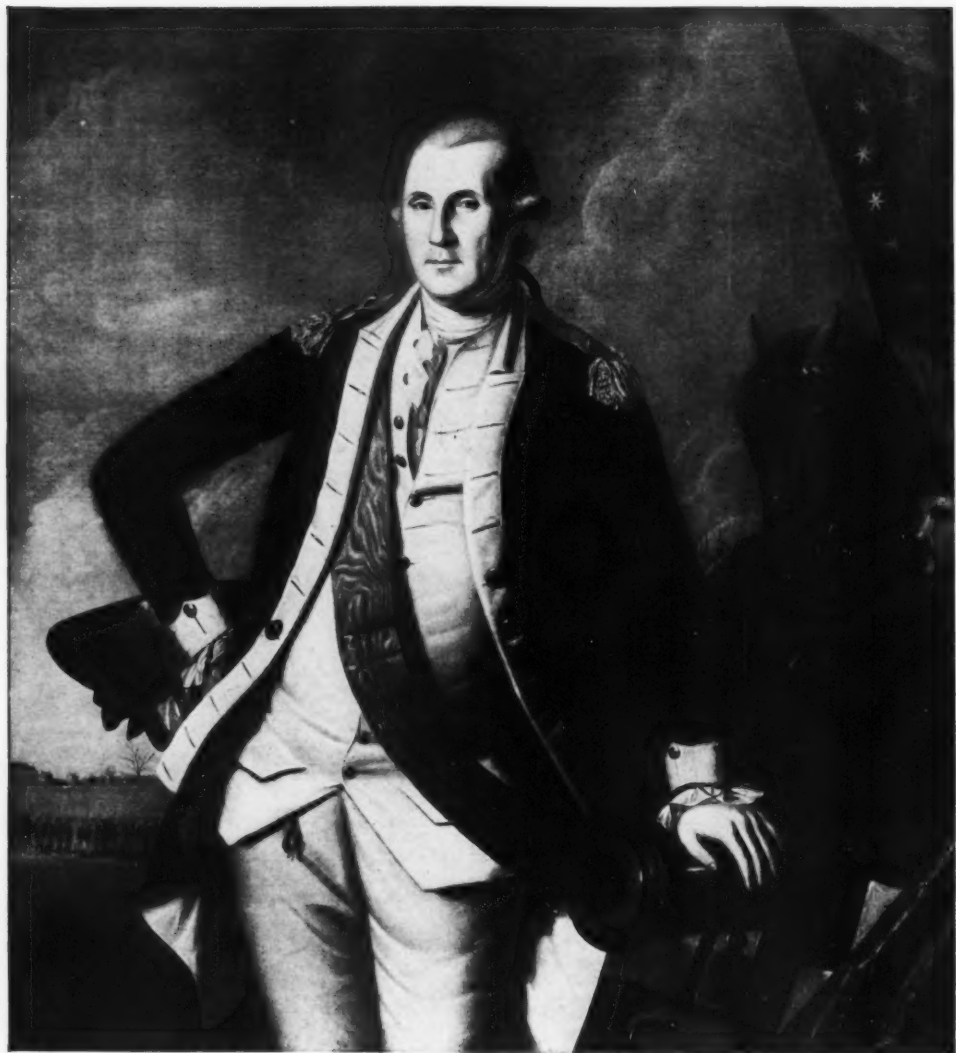


American
JUNIOR RED CROSS
February 1932 **NEWS** *"I Serve"*





WASHINGTON ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF PRINCETON

This is one of the many portraits made of Washington by Charles Willson Peale. It was begun in 1779 at Valley Forge, continued in New Brunswick just after the battle of Monmouth, and finished in Philadelphia. Washington wears the dark blue and buff of the Continental Army and the bright blue ribbon that was the badge of the Commander-in-Chief. The building in the background is Nassau Hall of Princeton College; the troops are British prisoners. Notice also the original American flag with the circle of thirteen stars. The original painting was slashed by vandals in 1781 and later repaired

The Teacher's Guide

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The February News in the School

Art:

"Washington on the Battlefield of Princeton," "A Cat's Tail and A Mastodon." *Trail Blazers of American Art*, by Grace Irwin, is an excellent reference.

Auditorium:

"Washington on the Battlefield of Princeton," "George Washington's Copy Book," "Mt. Vernon Goes To Paris," "Washington's 'First Wish' and Disarmament" (editorial). Because of the Washington Bicentennial, this issue is particularly rich in material that can be used in preparing Washington Birthday programs.

For Lincoln's Birthday there is the interesting storyette "The First Lincoln Statue." As an appropriate modern musical number the popular spiritual "Ain't Goin' to Study War No More" is suggested.

For Valentine Day "The Surprise Party" and some of the activities items hold good ideas.

Character Education:

"Felipe's Best Debate," "George Washington's Copy Book," "The Surprise Party," and "How Juniors Keep Busy."

Citizenship:

"Felipe's Best Debate," "Washington's 'First Wish' and Disarmament" and "How Juniors Keep Busy"

English Composition (letter writing):

"Correspondence P's and Q's Again." The article on page 3 of THE TEACHER'S GUIDE shows how the requirements of international school correspondence develop good manners in letter writing. You may also wish to use the letters quoted on this page under "Keeping Your Correspondents Interested."

Geography:

Africa—"From Gold and Diamond Land." See also the letter quoted below in "Keeping Your Correspondents Interested."

Alaska—"The First Lincoln Statue"

Canada—"Red Cross Outposts"

France—"Mt. Vernon Goes To Paris"

United States Indian—"Something To Read" and "The Exposition of Indian Tribal Arts"

Mexicans in the United States—"Felipe's Best Debate"

Health:

"Red Cross Outposts," and "Laws of Health"

History:

"A Cat's Tail and a Mastodon," "George Washington's Copy Book," "Mt. Vernon Goes To Paris"

Primary Grades:

"Lessons in Unnatural History," "The Surprise Party"

Keeping Your Correspondents Interested

The reminder sent by a Junior Red Cross group in Kittery, Maine, to their correspondents in Japan should bring results because of its sincere courtesy:

"DEAR JAPANESE FRIENDS:

"We are very anxious to hear from you. We haven't received a letter since August, 1929. You remember we started this correspondence several years ago. We miss this very much.

"Everyone in our school belongs to the American Junior Red Cross. To join, each one had to do a kind deed and learn the pledge. We have

the Red Cross CALENDAR and take the magazine every month.

"We have filled some Christmas boxes for children in foreign countries. We hope you may get some of these.

"The Parent-Teacher's Association of our school is helping us to buy a case to put all of the gifts in that we have received from other lands. A great many of these have been samples of your school handwork. We are doing this to help keep them in good condition.

"All of us are hoping that you will write to us soon and tell us what you are doing.

"YOUR AMERICAN FRIENDS."

The following letter was sent from Santa Monica, California, to a French group, testifying to the growing interest of a contact continued over a period of years:

"DEAR FRENCH FRIENDS:

"We were so glad to hear from your school again, and to receive such a lovely and interesting booklet. Do you know that our schools have been corresponding now for four years? That is a long time, but we hope to make it much longer. Our classes pass on to higher schools and colleges, too. That will mean making new friends every year, won't it?

"We are going to prepare a booklet to send you soon. We enjoyed your booklet so much. Your flowers are very pretty. Some of them are just like ours only your names for them are so different. We hope to study French when we go to high school so that we may read and speak your beautiful language.

"We want you to give our best wishes to the boys who have been corresponding with us so long. Hoping you are also going to be our friends, we sign ourselves,

"YOUR RED CROSS FRIENDS."

Carefully prepared work meets the same appreciation in schools abroad that it does in our own schools. A letter from the principal of an East African School is quoted:

"DEAR SIR:

"Will you please accept my thanks for the beautiful portfolio I received from Chabot School, Oakland, California, which has greatly interested the staff and students of my school.

"I can assure you that the beautiful drawings contained therein will be a source of inspiration to the students here and will greatly encourage them in their work in the future.

"I shall be grateful if you will convey to the Executive Secretary of the Oakland Chapter and to the teacher, who must have taken great care in the collection and putting together of the material, my grateful thanks and those of the pupils of my school for sending the portfolio."

Developing Calendar Activities for February

A Classroom Index of Calendar Activities

PERHAPS a reminder is occasionally in order that activities listed on the CALENDAR are not designed as extra interests to be done outside of school hours. Not only will children enjoy sharing the products of their school work, but they will work better because of this worthier motive.

Art:

Valentines for veterans to send home should be made and forwarded to adopted hospitals early in the month. Other opportunities are designing and making the place cards, tray favors, art posters and party favors suggested on the CALENDAR page.

Civics:

A campaign to make unnecessary noise unfashionable is a very worth-while citizenship activity.

Geography:

The theme "Valentines from all over the world" gives a chance for entertaining, original plays.

Asking questions of one's international correspondents opens the way for checking the often loose impressions of other lands.

Health:

See Fitness for Service activities and page 4 of this TEACHER'S GUIDE.

History:

The Washington Bicentennial is a live theme for correspondence.

The local history project will gain interest in states and counties where a study of local history is encouraged as a unit in the course of study. West Virginia, for instance, has a state-wide project, stimulated through "West Virginia Clubs," which are for the direct purpose of organizing a project in studying West Virginia history.

Home Economics:

Valentines that can be eaten are always popular.

Music:

Holiday radio concerts by school groups may be dedicated to local institutions.

Primary Grades:

Scrapbooks of national holidays, valentine books and boxes of valentines for near-by children's institutions are among this month's opportunities.

Literature of Other Times and Countries

THE DIVINE COMEDY OF DANTE ALIGHIERI, translated by Jefferson Butler Fletcher. Macmillan, New York, 1931. \$5.

Professor Fletcher has arrived at a metrical stanza faithful to the terza rima of the Italian, but relieved of monotony by omission of linking rimes between the tercets. Critics qualified by scholarship have vouched for the authenticity of his translation, and for its superiority over preceding English versions.

As for the poem itself:

"Tis no light task to set before the eyes,
In words, the bottom of the universe,
Nor for a tongue that *papa* and *mama* cries——"

So the poet recognizes the scope of his undertaking. Not only the "bottom" but the "top" of the universe, and intricate intermediate stages are the subjects of his ingenious imagination. Yet, though it is no task for an infant mind, there is that childlike quality that belongs to ancient or medieval mythology. Refinements of torment, ingeniously devised to fit the sin (or as Auslander suggests, to satisfy Dante's personal grudges), arouse a mental admiration for the concreteness of the author's imagination. Similarly, heights of bliss are made vivid, if not always inviting. The ways of theology to man are loyally rationalized by Dante, as by Milton later.

One reads history of renaissance Rome more

understandingly, for the flashes of contemporary insight. The poet observes shrewdly to an inquiring spirit of the underworld:

"This thy Romagna is not, nor was e'er
Without war in her tyrants' hearts . . ."

One understands modern thought better, both its actions and its reactions, by learning the springs of medieval Roman thought, which had their source in turn from classic mythology and art. It is part of our heritage, and Professor Fletcher has made it possible for us to claim our share.

"Child and Universe"

CHILD AND UNIVERSE. Bertha Stevens. John Day Company, New York, 1931. \$3.75.

The child of the primary school period is at the right age to grow into an intimate acquaintance with his universe. This is the thesis of the book, and the author's hope is that all study for a two-year period may be organized about a unit in natural science. The eight-year-old's resources are curiosity, sensitiveness to beauty, and fearless imagination. These are cultured by a directed journey out through the spaces of the universe, and down into the riches of the earth on which man dwells.

The plan outlined from which to select for such a unit of study took practical form through nine years of experience with several groups of children. Accurate and rich knowledge on the part of a teacher is assumed, but many helpful references are given for the child's own reading and for the teacher's background. The photographic illustrations are of rare beauty.

There is emphasis on leaving the child to unhurried absorption in the magic material about him. "A child comes into science" (quoting Mary Everest Boole) "primarily to establish relations with the laws of nature . . . the laws according to which the world is governed." Another gain likely to result from going slowly is that of repose; and poise is its close associate." Time must be allowed to eyes for seeing the night come down or the dawn arrive, for observing form and color. Hands must have time to feel, to mold, or to arrange the patterns of crystals or blossoms in color designs. Time must be given to reproduce the orderly movements of suns and earths in rhythm dances, time to listen to the sounds in the fields, or to plot out an exploration in the earth.

Practical experiments, such as all children love, are explained. Accuracy and truth are built carefully at every step, but wonder and beauty are never lost. Many passages are quoted to illustrate the intuitive observation of nature by poets. The author herself writes with poetic fervor, and in instances where no author is named, the pleasant lines of verse are presumably her own. The use of art masterpieces, of photography, and of original expression in pencil and color is also developed. Sharing and exchange of discoveries and of materials are shown as a natural requirement of the study. Thus, the unit of work becomes a theme that brings to the child a harmonious conception of all parts of the life about him.

An International Correspondence Activity

MISS EDITH G. HAGAN, of the English Department in the Chico State Teachers College, California, contributed the admirable article that follows. Through her skillful teaching pupils learned to express a spirit of personal interest and friendship, in letters that dealt with subjects of genuine educational value.

When I announced to my classes that we were going to write to three wide-awake countries, Japan, Belgium, and Sweden, joy prevailed. No activity has ever been received with more enthusiasm.

Friendship and Good Form

The problem took three weeks. We discussed social letter types—letters they had enjoyed receiving—letters that had brought immediate returns. We brought certain ones from home and frankly expressed our reasons for enjoying them. We read from an anthology models written by famous men—men who knew children and who knew how to say the helpful, enthusiastic, friendly things. We discovered that Lewis Carroll was an almost perfect letter-writer in his own whimsical way. We discussed the number of items a letter should contain, stating various opinions about whether or not it is better to write of many things or of a few things.

We worked very hard on the organization, reading and re-reading aloud to make sure the greeting sentence caught attention and the closing sentence left the right impression of friendliness and goodwill. These decisions helped to set up right standards when class criticisms came later, on revision days. The desire to make the best impression upon our new friends with neat and orderly content paved the way for whole-hearted regard for manuscript guides. We needed only to review them. We wanted our letters to be accurate in form as well as interesting in content.

Illustrations and Topics

The children chose their topics from opportunities offered in this northern California country. Wild flowers were pressed—two books of them. Precious stamps, collected over a wide expanse of time, were carefully mounted and were shared with the real spirit of giving. A tiny silk American flag was sent with a bit of explanation of the love and esteem in which it is held. Drawings of the California poppy were made in an art class, and a childlike eulogy written. Many pictures of the industrial activities, the natural scenery, and the resorts of this section were brought in.

The letters sent were very simple and sincere.

One girl wrote of a fishing trip that had so impressed her that she called the event "a purple spot in her life."

Another wrote: "We have an English club that teaches us how to become better thinkers, talkers, writers and critics. We meet at class time every Friday and each gives something he has prepared for the program."

Still another contributed: "I am going to tell you about our puppets. We have a big stage for them to act on. We gather up all the old scraps of materials for their clothes . . ."

Our new buildings were not forgotten: "We are having a new auditorium built right beside the Training School. It is very big, all brick. Today they started to take the machinery away. It just gave me a happy feeling because there will be no more noise now."

A Japanese boy wrote of the fruit trees of Chico. "When the cherry tree blossoms it is pure white. I hope that you may be filled with wonderful thoughts by looking at the picture of this cherry tree in blossom."

A girl wrote of the flowers she liked. "The bluebell nods over like grandpa when he falls asleep in his rocking chair. The California poppy is a very pretty yellow, the yellow you call yellow gold."

Two boys wrote about California animals. "Our bird dogs are large with dark-red curly hair. They have the biggest ears of any dogs in America. . . ." "Tell me if people ever hunt in the Alps. When I go hunting in the winter for ducks I always get all muddy and wet."

The second and third weeks were necessary for the writing of short explanatory paragraphs and the mounting of pictures, coins, and stamps on the heavyweight neutral shade of paper suggested in the directions sent from the Red Cross headquarters. The portfolio covers were designed by two or three volunteers in each group, and the finished products were voted upon.

New Understanding and Power

A college student became interested in the activity as it neared completion; so he shared some of his letters and beloved collections from eight different countries with which he was corresponding. He gave some very enjoyable talks while he showed us postcard views thrown on the screen. Since we had received some real Scandinavian carols at Christmas time through out correspondence, he volunteered a few more happy hours with us, bringing over from college some records of songs from Sweden.

Flexibility of expression? Yes. Why? Because children were writing of the things that were next to their hearts. Entire ease in doing it? Yes. Because the spirit of sharing becomes contagious when social consciousness is built up and the value of cooperation is learned—that cooperation which means respect for others and which makes human nature sensitive and gentle.

Modern psychologists are stressing the importance of early childhood. They say our actions are often influenced by unconscious control. If this is true, it is one key to the problem of international understanding—guiding early impressions is a step in meeting the difficulty of one nation's real understanding of another.

The desire for understanding and sharing in a big way is brought out in the sweet child-like returns we get from these foreign children. Some excerpts from Japanese letters follow:

"All members of our school are eager to understand your country better than before."

"As we children grow up to take our places in the new order, we shall keep in mind the teachings of our great emperor, Meiji, who wrote in one of his poems, 'Let us regard the people of the four seas as our brothers and sisters.'"

After the first contact the letters became more personal and the time between replies shorter. Children propose ideas in which they are interested; they express honest views, feelings, and opinions about these ideas. The experience integrates social studies, and art, as well as expression. Above all, it gives the teacher a more important part to play in that age soon to be ours—an age of world peace and world friendship.

Fitness for Service for February

Protect Your Hearing

THIS month's CALENDAR page emphasizes personal and social responsibility to safeguard hearing. A classroom discussion of each point listed under "Health of Mind and Body" for February, with emphasis on this phase of health throughout the month; should be of profit.

The Classroom Problem

Children blamed for dreaminess, inattention, and unsocial behavior may, unknown to themselves, be dull of hearing rather than dull of mind. Such cases may be identified through tests by specialists, physical examinations by doctors or nurses and inquiry into the causes of apparent inattention or heedlessness.

Correction and help should include: treatment by specialists, training in lip reading, seating so that full benefit can be obtained from the class, inspiring the pupil to effort in understanding others, training in enunciation, tone and modulation, if the defect has affected the voice, building courage, and a social desire to take part in the life of the group, developing compensatory satisfactions, cultivating on the part of classmates responsibility to enunciate clearly and to direct the discussion toward the whole group.

Material helpful in meeting these problems may be obtained by writing to the American Federation of Organizations for the Hard of Hearing, 1537 Thirty-fifth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Handicaps

The "left out" look of those who hear only a little of the conversation, the temptation to suspiciousness, when a hard of hearing person feels shut out of that most social experience of laughter, the increasing loneliness as communication is cut off—these have been revealed by Ernest Elmo Calkins, the "dean of advertisers," in *Louder Please*, and Pauline Leader in *And No Birds Sing* (the former inspiring for older pupils; the latter too stark for all but adults).

Then there is the experience, for beauty lovers, of losing the music of art and the music of nature. The poet, Alan Porter, has divined the poignancy of that experience, in the poem quoted on this page.

Among heroes of service, because of their contribution to the problems of the deaf and the hard of hearing, are Dr. Thomas Hopkins Galaudet, Miss Harriet B. Rogers, and Alexander

Graham Bell. Every teacher who meets the problem has an opportunity to so educate children who are slightly or largely handicapped by hearing defects that they will keep their warm human touch with the world about them.

Compensations

There is need for understanding and help and reason for admiration. There is hardly need for pity, however. One of the compensations is the possibility of heightened concentration. So much of the clamor of traffic, the bustle of business, and the clatter of tongues is not worth hearing! A progressive minority in business and industry is recognizing the lowering of efficiency through avoidable noise. "Four o'clock fatigue" is laid to this cause, and lack-lustre attitudes towards work. An editor of a leading magazine, in a protest against avoidable noise, told an unforgettable story. He visited a business man whose organization exhibited an adolescent *gaucherie* because of its rapid growth. On an open floor, over a hundred typewriters rattled noisily. A constant murmur of conference was broken by louder blasts of controversy. "At least," the editor urged, "you could reduce the racket by substituting noiseless typewriters." "But then," the business man objected, "it would sound as though I didn't have any business." The editor commented— "Exactly!" American business still shows off like a small boy with a shiny tin horn.

The remedy is not in prison-rule hush, but in a deliberate attitude of self-controlled quiet. A writer on education has said: "Repose is the brother of silence. We are *sterile from lack of repose* far more than from lack of work." (Quoted from *Gratry in Child and Universe*.)

The hard of hearing may be educated to sensitive response to rhythm. To "see" an interpreter translating song into sign language is an experience of beauty. Rhythmic dancing is a physical satisfaction open to the totally deaf. Manual skill, art work, a heightened joy in color—these may become compensations.

Among schools active in Junior Red Cross work are a number of schools for the deaf. Their international correspondence, their exquisitely dressed dolls for foreign schools, their gifts for the less fortunate in our own country are objects of admiration to all who see them. Doing things with and for others (interpretative dancing, art and hand work, reports on reading and travel, writing letters) will keep open the doors between children with defective hearing and their fellows.

HARD OF HEARING

ALAN PORTER

ONCE in April ways
I heard the cuckoo calk
Among more withering days
Haulms twitched and clicked with heat.

I heard the bumping fall
Of yellow plums. My feet
Drew bickerings from the grass
Like thunder-rain on roofs
Or clattered arms of brass.
Horses' battering hoofs
Ring no louder now
Than once a distant stream.
The grasshopper's old-hussif row
Dies to remembered dream.

IN bygone days I heard
The swinging dewberry scratch
To the flurried flight of a bird,
Nor found it hard to catch
The plashy drop when a trout
Came bowbent leaping out.
I heard from pools and bogs
The little, barking frogs.
Clapping water weeds,
The hiss of sand wasps' wings,
Wind-rattled campion seeds,
Were close, familiar things.
Now nature's music is all fled:
And half my heart is dead.

—Quoted by permission of the John Day Co., from *The Signature of Pain*.

A Cat's Tail and a Mastodon

KATHARINE GIBSON

BENJAMIN WEST was born in a small Quaker village in Pennsylvania in the early days of this country's history. All about

him were men and women in sober grays or browns, simple God-fearing folk, who gave no thought at all to pictures or painters. Least of all did they think of the possibility that artists might grow up in their own country or even in their own village. As they went unheeding about their daily tasks, plowing, planting, weaving and spinning, a small boy was busy with pencil or bits of charcoal, working often on a smooth rock, a bit of pine board or perhaps even the barn door, if paper were lacking. His name was

Benjamin West. Although the town in which he lived was very dull and gray, his head was full of bright pictures. He drew and drew, with no teacher to help him.

One time, it is said, he was at work out in the woods trying to catch the birds, or possibly a frisking squirrel or a fat chipmunk, with his pencil, when a band of friendly Indians came that way. The Indians were very apt to be friendly with the Quakers because these gentle people did not take the warriors' lands, but bought and paid for them, respecting the fact that the Indians, after all, were the first Americans. The red men who came into the woods where Benjamin West was at work were very much interested in what he was drawing; but they were also puzzled. Why, they asked him, did he not use colors, brilliant colors such as they used in painting their leather, their baskets or even themselves?

The little boy answered quite simply that he didn't have any. Paints were about the last

thing to be had in a Quaker village in those early days.

The Indians gave him what they could, reds, browns, yellows, good strong earth colors. When he got home he begged his mother for some indigo, which she used as bluing. His mother hesitated a little; she wondered if any young Quaker should have so many bright colors to work with, but at last she gave in. Now a new problem presented itself to Benjamin West.

He could manage to find scraps of paper, he had all the paints he needed, but he had no paint brush. The nearest shop in which a paint brush might be bought was miles away

in the city of Philadelphia. There was nothing to do but make one. That was not so easy, either. Fortunately for Benjamin West, but unfortunately for Tom, the family house cat, that amiable animal appeared just as the boy was in the thick of his difficulties. Soon a neat tuft was cut from Tommy's tail and Benjamin West had a paint brush.

All went well for a time until his father and mother noticed that something was decidedly wrong with the cat. He was losing his hair at an alarming rate. Being merciful people, they decided that the kindest thing they could do was to put Tom out of his misery; surely he must be ill. Now Benjamin West was rather between the hammer and the anvil. If he told what he had been doing, he would be punished and he would have no paint brushes. If he did not tell, Tom, whom he really liked, would be killed. Finally the boy summoned his courage and told his father what had taken place. Naturally he was forbidden to take scissors to the cat again.



Benjamin West's portrait of his wife and baby son, Rafael

He was sufficiently punished by not being able to paint any more.

The days were dull indeed until a relative came to visit the family and heard of Benjamin West's difficulties. Upon his return to the city that kindly gentleman sent the lad the first paint box and brushes that he had ever seen and the first pictures that the boy had ever had a chance to study except those in the big family Bible. Now nothing could stop Benjamin West. He painted in season and out. When at last he was grown up, he had decided definitely that he wanted to become a painter. That was a very unusual profession for a Quaker. A meeting had to be held in the Quaker church in order to decide whether or not it would be proper for one of their number to adopt such a worldly profession. Consent was given, at last, and Benjamin West set sail for Italy. There was, of course, no chance to study art in America then. There were no art schools, no museums, no teachers, and very few great pictures to look at.

Partly because he had real talent, partly because of his charm of manner and his great friendliness, Benjamin West was successful almost at once. After leaving Italy, he went to England. Here, in time, he was commended to George the Third. It was the custom in England and on the continent for the monarch in a given country to select an artist who should become what was known as the court painter. The court painter painted portraits of the royal family, decorated palaces or chapels, arranged pageants and processions and masque balls. He received a good salary for his services and won marked recognition. What must have been the astonishment in court circles when it

was announced that the young Quaker, Benjamin West, had been appointed to this important post.

Benjamin West did not return to America. He lived in London all the rest of his life, but he did more for early American painters and for early American painting than any other one man.

He received struggling young artists into his home; he gave them instruction; he lent them money; he presented them with introductions to important painters. There is hardly an artist who worked in the first days of this country who was not indebted to Benjamin West directly or indirectly for help and encouragement.

West painted portraits, among which that of his wife and son, in the illustration, is especially charming. He also painted a number of large historical and allegorical pictures. These attracted much attention at the time, but seem to the modern world much less interesting than do his smaller canvases. West did, however, make one great contribution in his historical painting. Up to his time events had been commemorated in painting as if they had taken place in Greek or Roman times. That is, the figures were always dressed in classical costumes. The tight waistcoats, knee breeches, and

ruffled stocks of that day did not seem in the minds of artists to have any place upon canvas.

When West painted his most famous picture, "The Death of Wolfe," he showed that great general and his men dressed as they actually had been. A storm of protest and disapproval arose. When it finally died down, it was seen how much more sensible this way of doing things was. We are indebted to West for the fact that

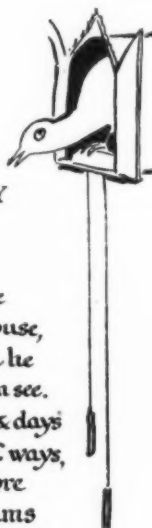
LESSONS IN UNNATURAL HISTORY

*The Cuckoo in his little house
Keeps just as quiet as a mouse,
Excepting every hour, when he
Peeps out to see what he can see.
Our cat has tried for days & days
To catch him in all sorts of ways,
But always just a jiff before
Old Tommy springs, he slams
the door
And that, as anyone can see,
Makes Tommy angry as can be.*

Written by Eliot Kays Stone

Decoration by

Helen Reid Cross



since his time, we have seen our heroes as they really existed.

One of Benjamin West's interesting pupils was Charles Willson Peale. He was born in Maryland in the city of Annapolis, then the most flourishing town in that part of the country. Peale was a man who could do almost anything; in fact he did do almost everything. His life shows quite clearly that in the beginnings of our history there were very few men who could devote themselves entirely to painting as West was able to do in London. There were not enough people in America who were interested in buying pictures. Most of the early artists had to follow one or more trades and do their painting when they could. Some of them were itinerant painters, riding from town to town in all weathers in order to get customers. Peale did not belong to the latter group; he found plenty to occupy him wherever he happened to be.

As a boy he was apprenticed to a saddler. To this he added coach making, clock and watch making, besides work as a silversmith. These not being enough, he went one day on a trip to Norfolk, Virginia, to buy leather. There he saw the paintings of an artist named Frasier and decided that, if he only tried, he could do as well. Immediately upon returning home he did try. He was so successful that his work attracted some notice, and he turned from saddles to painting as his main occupation, though he never entirely lost track of his various skills.

Peale next visited Philadelphia and brought home some materials for painting and a book, "The Handmaid of the Arts," to instruct him. He next decided that it was time for him to go abroad. The kindly citizens of Annapolis took up a subscription, and Peale was soon on his way to London and to Benjamin West. He remained in London receiving help and instruction from his countryman for four years. He made much progress and laid the foundations of his later success. Still he was not content with merely learning to paint. He added to his other accomplishments that of modeling in wax, painting in miniature, and engraving.

He returned to this country and to Annapolis in the year 1774, but two years later went to Philadelphia, and as a captain of volunteers joined Washington and saw considerable of the "Red Coats" in the Revolutionary War. He was present at the battles of Trenton and Germantown. When his fighting days were over he rep-

resented Philadelphia in the Pennsylvania legislature, thus adding the profession of statesman and soldier to his list. But that was only a fair beginning.

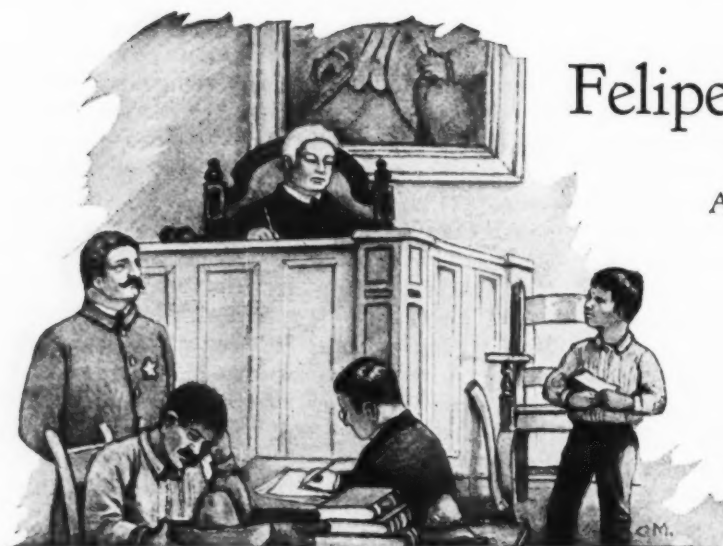
About the year 1779 some bones of a mammoth were brought to Peale. These at once suggested the idea of a museum. He became a collector of "birds, beasts, fishes and insects—of all that fly, leap, creep or swim, and all things else." He set up his galleries in Philosophical Hall, where his collection was greatly enlarged by the entire skeleton of the monster which had been found in Ulster County, New York, and dug up and transported with great difficulty. Peale now became a lecturer upon art and natural history. Finding that the lack of his front teeth interfered with his oratory, he became a dentist overnight, and made himself a new set.

Finally Peale succeeded in forming the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts. Here pictures were exhibited, casts were shown from which art students might draw, and, when other models were lacking, Peale posed himself and taught his students in the bargain. The Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts is still in existence and has the honor of being the oldest art school in the country.

A final summary of Peale's accomplishments is as follows: "He was a saddler, harness maker; clock and watchmaker; silversmith, painter in oil, crayons, and miniature; modeler in wax, clay, and plaster; he sawed his own ivory for his miniatures, moulded the glass and made the shagreen cases; he was a soldier, a legislator, a lecturer; a preserver of animals, whose deficiencies he supplied by means of glass eyes and artificial limbs; he was a dentist and he was," his biographer says, "a mild and benevolent and good man."

And more than this he was a painter whose records of early Americans are full of interest. His poses are somewhat stiff, his way of painting is a bit wooden, but his color was often fresh and his truthfulness shows in every line. The portrait of Washington, used as the frontispiece of this magazine, was painted during the general's campaigns and commemorates the battle of Princeton.

A cat's tail helped to make a court painter, the court painter helped to make another artist, and a mastodon helped the artist to make the first museum in this country. History is a spiced pie, indeed.



Felipe's Best Debate

AMANDA MATHEWS CHASE

Illustrations by Carl Moon

Felipe's turn came. His knees felt queer.

FELIPE Bernal sat on the front step of a shack in a small Mexican labor camp on a large ranch in southern California. The Mexicans had been brought from Los Angeles to clear away charred trees and brush after a fire caused by careless campers.

Felipe's face looked older than his twelve years, while his underweight body appeared younger. Up in a tree close by, two bluejays were squawking.

"You're having a debate," said Felipe.

Picking up some wrapping paper and a stubby pencil, he printed **RESOLVED**, but he could not think of anything to resolve. He sighed despondently. He was the champion debater of the fifth grade. Being snatched out of school in May would cost him his place on the debating team and also his promotion to the sixth grade.

Felipe's mother came to the door with a ball of dough in her hands ready for the next *tortilla*. Two spindling little sisters followed and stood with her in the doorway. The Bernal family were all of the oval-faced type, with delicate olive skin and slender hands.

They listened to the father's ax as he chopped just out of sight over the shoulder of a ridge. Between the blows were frequent pauses.

"My poor man!" exclaimed the mother. "Even with his back not strong after the dirt fell on him digging a ditch—still with a good ax he could make fair wages."

"All through the camp," Felipe returned indignantly, "the men say that the foreman gives out these dull axes so that the people will stay here longer. Then they will buy more groceries at big prices from the foreman's brother who keeps the ranch store."

Just then the father was seen hurrying toward the house. He carried two axes, the old one and another with a bright red handle.

"Look!" he shouted. "This red ax is sharp as a razor. A Mexican from another camp wants to return to Los Angeles. He will sell me this splendid ax for two dollars."

The mother hastily took two dollars from the small family hoard. Señor Bernal hurried back with the money. His strokes were now so rapid and regular that the family felt itself on the way to prosperity.

In the afternoon Felipe again sat on the step with pencil and paper. Suddenly there was his father returning between two men. One carried the red ax and the other a revolver.

"Here I am with the constable and his deputy!" cried Mr. Bernal in Spanish. "They say I stole the ax from Mr. Givens over at the big ranch house! Tell them how I bought it!"

The terrified wife forgot all the English words she had learned in the mothers' class in Los Angeles. She could only wail protestations in Spanish. Felipe stoutly related in English the purchase of the ax.

"A likely yarn!" growled the constable. "Tell it to the judge. You come along with us, Pedro Bernal. Here, you boy, tell your mother trial tomorrow, ten o'clock. Most like you folks won't see your dad for about twenty days."

When the auto was out of sight, Mrs. Bernal flung herself on the bunk bed and sobbed aloud. The little girls threw themselves down beside her crying pitifully, "*Papacito! Papacito!*"

Felipe thrust his hands in the pockets of his overalls as he walked about the rough bare room.

"No use to cry," he declared. "Madre, let us

think instead. This is like a debate. Resolved that Pedro Bernal did not steal the red ax. We have our chance tomorrow before the judge."

Mrs. Bernal sat up. The little sisters sat up.

"Clean people look more honest than dirty people," said the mother. "If we go to that court dirty, the judge will think we are the kind that steal."

"Good!" responded Felipe. "I'll carry in water for our baths and wood to heat the flatirons."

The lad then visited the other shacks to ask if anyone had seen a Mexican with a red-handled ax to sell. Unfortunately, no one had.

The following forenoon the Bernals straggled timidly into the courtroom just as the elder Bernal was brought in from the jail. They were conducted to a bench inside the railing at the left of the judge's high desk. The judge was white-haired and grave. Over on the right was another bench occupied by the constable and Mr. Givens. Against this bench leaned the red-handled ax. Mr. Givens was middle-aged, a pale, fleshy man. He looked gentle and kindly. His manner did not indicate any liking for the business in hand. Solemnly the judge read the charge by which the people of California accused one Pedro Bernal of wilfully stealing an ax.

Felipe listened from the front edge of the bench, shaking his head earnestly at every word. One hand grasped the dull ax furnished by the foreman, the other held his school report card.

The judge noticed the boy and inquired, "What have you there, son?"

Felipe rose. His voice shook but he managed to explain.

"Please Mr. Judge, evidences for the debate."

"What debate?"

"The debate we got with that constable."

The judge turned a laugh into a cough.

"Very well, son. But he must speak first."

The constable jumped up red with anger.

"Your Honor, this court is not a school room. When it comes to debating with a Mexican kid, I have more important business waiting for me in my office."

The judge stiffened to judicial dignity.

"As you like, constable. If you refuse to prosecute, I shall dismiss the case."

The constable did not want that, either, so the trial proceeded. Mr. Givens testified that he was part owner of the ranch and lived at the ranch house; that his doctor had ordered him to cut wood an hour before breakfast

for exercise; that he could identify the ax by its red handle and also by a whittled "G." The ax was the best he could buy in Los Angeles. It had disappeared from his woodpile during the breakfast hour, eight to nine, the day before.

Felipe's father appeared disheveled and sunk in gloom. Yet his eyes brightened whenever he looked across at his family sitting there clean and composed. The sight of them gave him courage to tell his story coherently through the court interpreter.

The mother testified that her husband had hurried to the house for the money and taken it away with him.

Felipe's turn came at last. His knees felt queer and his voice quavered at times. Yet he plunged along with his debate.

"Mr. Judge, your Honor, my argument has got three points. First, that constable says my father only wanted an ax to steal it, because the foreman gives axes for the men to cut. Please, ma'am,—no, please, sir—this is the foreman's kind of ax—very dull as you can see. It almost cannot cut anything."

"But why when the foreman pays by time—"

"He don't," explained Felipe, "he pays by wood."

"Even so—why the dull axes?"

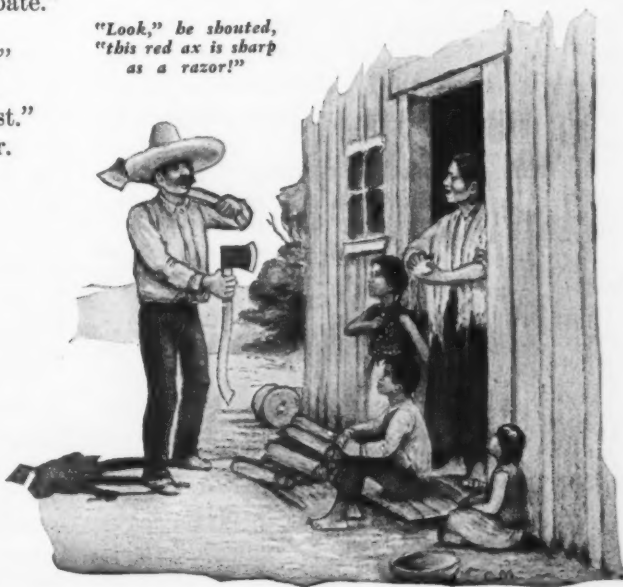
Felipe was honestly embarrassed.

"We think—he likes us to stay longer so we buy more groceries—from his brother—at the ranch store, you know—"

"Suffering cats!" cried Mr. Givens. "The

(Continued on page 136)

"Look," he shouted,
"this red ax is sharp
as a razor!"





Mount Vernon—not on the banks of the Potomac but an exact copy at the International Colonial Exposition

Mount Vernon Goes to Paris

ANDRÉE D'ESTRÉES

"OH, PAPA, you promised to take us to see Washington's home today," said Michel as he stepped out of a chunky autobus at the eastern gate of Paris. Papa helped *Maman* and little sister Suzanne to alight, and they all stood on the curb facing the forest of Vincennes.

But surely this forest had been touched by a fairy's wand! Among its dark foliage sprang mysterious towers and palace roofs of all shapes and sizes. Tropical trees and unexpected cacti were planted around a monumental fountain, which sprayed glittering water from a great height. It was the entrance to the International Colonial Exposition that had been going on for weeks.

"All right, children," said Papa, "we shall go to Mount Vernon this time. Let us take the toy train."

"Why not a donkey cart led by an Arab?" pleaded Michel.

"That would be too slow," said *Maman*.

"Or one of those tiny taxicabs made for crossing the desert?" said Suzanne.

"That would be too expensive," said Papa. So they scrambled into the gaily-decorated toy train that wiggled its way noisily in and out of the crowd.

"Tchu....tchu....tchu...." went the train, as it passed the great avenue lined with bright-colored buildings from every corner of the globe.

First came the huge red tower of the Island of Madagascar, topped by four bulls' heads, emblems of the native tribes. Then they reached the jewels from Indo-China, temples and pagodas nestling side by side in their somber sylvan setting. There was the amber building for Tonkin; the scarlet one for Laos; the creamy one for Annam. There was the Cochin China house, with its swooping roof of parrot-green and gold, roguishly curled up at the tips like a Chinese hat. The graceful Cambodia house had eaves ending in tongues of gilded flame and a turret shaped like the headdress of its temple dancers. In the distance could be seen the pink walls of Syria and orange-tinted Palestine. And, towering above them all, appeared a vision of splendor and magnificence, the great temple of Angkor Vat. Immense it stood, its mellowed lace-work carvings outlined on the sky, seemingly as eternal as the stone towers of Notre Dame. It was a perfect replica of the original temple that still defies time in the heart of the impenetrable Cambodian forest.

"Tchu....tchu....tchu...." went the little train. It passed the pale blue palace of the Bey of Tunis, with its keyhole-shaped windows and covered market-streets. It reached the bright-red-clay outposts of French western Africa, and the immense thatch-roofed domes of the Belgian Congo museum. Then came the milky-white Algerian village with its mosque and minaret

from which the muezzin called the faithful to prayer at sunset.

"Tchu....tchu...." the train suddenly whistled shrilly. "Oh, look, Papa, the camels!" shouted Michel. And sure enough they crossed a caravan of tourists who, perched on the great beasts, were trying vainly to look comfortable and to let their legs hang gracefully around the hump in a truly oriental manner.

They reached the Moroccan garden, full of crimson roses. A blue mosaic pool was in its center, and around it were tiny covered booths where native venders sold slippers, cushions and bags of tinted leather finely carved and sewn with gold thread, and beaten copper dishes of all sizes.

Over all the exhibition floated a rich, delicious odor: it was made of attar of roses, jasmine, vanilla, syrup, incense, oriental tobacco and frying pancakes. "Tchu....tchu...." went the train; past the zoo, where the giraffes watched it go by with astonishment and the lions with disdain; around the tip of the lake, on which floated a miscellaneous collection of sampans, caiques, catamarans and other fancy-shaped canoes. It sped by the Italian exhibit—a copy of the Roman temple that the Emperor Septimius Severus built so long ago in the Lybian desert. It flew by the pavilion of the Dutch East Indies. At last it stopped.

The family got out, still dazed by the multi-colored splendor that had floated before their eyes. And then they came upon a peaceful green lawn, with a sundial in its center, where peaceful inviting benches held open their arms and a peaceful harmonious house greeted them. It was the model of George Washington's home at Mount Vernon.

"Why, this is adorable!" exclaimed *Maman*.

"It reminds me of Queen Marie Antoinette and her Petit Trianon. What charm it has!"

"No wonder it reminds you of the Louis XVI period, my dear. It was built at that time, and even across the sea there may have been a certain family likeness."

"But, Papa," said Michel, "I thought American people always lived in great big houses, thirty stories high. I wanted so much to ride in one of their fast elevators!" He was quite disappointed.

"What pretty flowers," said Suzanne; "they are all blue and purple."

"Yes; and do you know that the plants of these flowers were grown especially to be sent here by a French botanist on the very grounds of the real Mount Vernon?" said Papa.

"How exciting! I thought they did not look like ordinary flowers! And what about the canary in a golden cage, is it American, too? It does not sing like a French canary. Let's go inside and see some more real American things," said Suzanne, pulling her father by the hand.

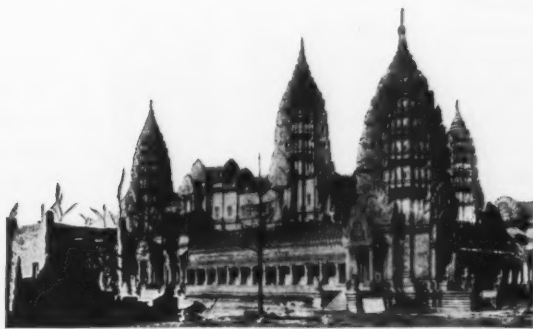
A long line was already waiting to enter. A hot and harassed guard held them back with ropes. "Popular spot, *n'est ce pas?*" said Papa, as they heaved to and fro in the midst of a good-humored mob.

"I believe it is the most crowded place in the whole exhibition!" said the guard. "If he had realized this, Washington might have built his house larger, don't you think?"

Inside, they filed past the pretty rooms with their handsome, dark furniture. The sun poured in merrily through small square windows of the breakfast room. In the music room stood an exact reproduction of the spinet on which Nellie Custis used to play. Step-grandfather Washington had bought the original in France for her.



Exposition buildings. To the left is a minaret from Tunis; in the center the Temple of Angkor Vat from Indo-China; to the right, the red tower from Madagascar, with the bulls' heads



Fresh flowers were in every vase, and polished platters of heavy silver were on the sideboards. "One would think they had only just stepped out of these rooms!" said *Maman*, almost in a reverent whisper, as though she could feel some mysterious unknown presence about her. And, strange to say, everyone else seemed to whisper also, impressed as they were by the living atmosphere of so many memories. The visitors did not seem to be able to tear themselves away from Washington's library:

"Do you see his surveyor's compass?" "How small his desk was!"

"Papa, Papa, here is a letter from Lafayette! How well he wrote English! It has a quotation in French, '*C'est entre nous à la vie à la mort!*' which means 'we are now as one till death parts us.' And here is another, written in English, too, from Rochambeau to the United States Congress acknowledging the thanks sent him for services rendered at Yorktown."

"You see," said *Maman*, "how useful and interesting it is to study languages." And so saying she looked hard at Suzanne, who usually balked at her English lessons. However, soon after, Suzanne exclaimed triumphantly: "Aha, see what I have found: a letter from King Louis XVI himself, with words an inch high. It begins: '*Très chers grands Amis et Alliés.*' He didn't know any English at all or he'd have

written 'Very dear great Friends and Allies'!"

Upstairs, they saw the quaintly furnished bedrooms with their fourpost beds, rag rugs, white starched curtains and pewter kettles for hot water. "How hospitable Americans must be!" said Papa. "Do you notice how many guest rooms they had?"

"I wonder how one managed to get those rag rugs cleaned," said *Maman* with her housekeeper's eye. "Hush! this is *his* room!" They all pressed closer and came upon a bed with a dome-shaped baldachin and frilled white curtains around it. Then Suzanne in her small shrill voice piped up: "*Maman*, tell me, why did Washington sleep in a cradle like a baby?" For the bed was rather like a big edition of the baby cradles used in many French homes.

As they came out of the building, preparing to visit the neighboring exhibits of Porto Rico, Hawaii, the Philippines and the Samoan Islands, Papa said: "It is funny, but that home-like house makes me feel much closer to the American people than I ever did before. They do not seem so different from us as I imagined."

"Just what I was going to say," added *Maman*. "It is really quite comforting to see how their greatest hero lived in such a quiet, distinguished manner. I feel quite fond of Americans after seeing this place. I dare say they are not all like the ones we see in the movies."

THE FIRST LINCOLN STATUE

THERE was a man of the Tongass tribe in Alaska who talked with his fingers. Not that he was deaf and dumb; he did his talking with a knife, carving in wood the things he wished to say.

One day, so goes the story, his chief, Ebbetts, sent for him. "Thle-da," he said, "we have need of you to make a new totem. In Washington there is a great white chief named Lincoln who has put a stop to the slavery of black men by the Pale Faces, and who now sends word that it must cease among Indians as well. The powerful Kok-wan-tans can no longer make war upon us for the purpose of carrying off our best young men and women; nor can they sacri-

fice slaves when they set up totem poles. We need not linger for safety on this island, lacking water and fuel, but can roam as we like among all the isles. Now, therefore, make a high totem of the great white chief, for we are grateful to him. Our hearts salute him."

When the image was finished Chief Ebbetts gave a potlatch feast for the purpose of setting up the totem. With the raising of this first statue of Lincoln, ended forever among the Alaskan Indians the gruesome practice of sacrificing slaves to be buried under a new totem. And there to this day is the tall pole with the head of Lincoln in his high hat right on the top of it.

A. M. U.



ANNA MILO UPJOHN
The Lincoln totem

The Surprise Party

VALINE HOBBS



DELTA, UTAH, J. H. S.

IT WAS the thirteenth day of February. Mrs. Perkins was busy baking. "I should like to do something to help the children with their Valentine party at school," she said to herself. "Oh, I know what I will do. I will bake cookies for them. I will

make them in the shape of hearts and cover them with red icing. Then tomorrow Barbara may take them to school."

So she set to work. Soon the kitchen table was covered with pretty red hearts. There were two hearts for each child.

Mrs. Hall was busy in her kitchen, too. She was thinking, "The children have worked so hard making valentines for their party. I want to do something to surprise them. Oh, I know what I will do. I will make a big, big pan of candy for them. I will put a red candy heart on each piece. Tomorrow Elizabeth may take it to school to surprise the children."

Mrs. Henson was washing dishes in her kitchen. "I must hurry," she said to herself. "I want to get through in time to make popcorn balls for Joe Boy to take to school tomorrow for the Valentine party. I want to surprise him and the other children."

Almost before you could wink, the table was piled high with big popcorn balls that looked like snowballs. Mrs. Henson wrapped each ball in tissue paper and tied it with a red ribbon.

Not one of these mothers knew what the others were doing. Each thought that her surprise would be the only one.

The next morning at school the children felt that they must tell the wonderful secrets that they knew. Two or three times Barbara almost had to hold her hands over her mouth to keep from telling about the pretty red cookies hidden away in her locker. Elizabeth kept very busy reading to keep from shouting, "Candy,

candy! A big piece for each child in the room." Twice she went to her locker to look and make sure that the candy was still there.

Once Joe Boy laughed right out loud when he thought about the nice surprise the other children would have when his mother brought the popcorn balls that afternoon. The other boys wanted to know what he was laughing about, but he would not tell.

The Valentine party was the last thing in the afternoon. You have never seen so many pretty valentines and so many happy faces. The children thought it was the very best Valentine party that they had ever had.

Then Elizabeth and Barbara and Joe slipped out for their surprises. You should have seen the children's faces when they saw all the good things to eat!

Just then there was a knock at the door. Miss Wilkin opened it, and there stood Betty's father with two big baskets of the biggest, reddest apples one ever saw. "I just thought I'd bring the children a little surprise to help out with their Valentine party," said he. He was a big fat man who shook all over when he laughed. How he laughed and shook when he saw the other surprises that had already come!

"Oh, Miss Wilkin," said Barbara. "We have so many good things. Let's send some to the children who go to the little school at the saw-mill."

"Yes, yes," shouted all the other children. "Let's do."

"Get them ready," said Betty's father, "and I will take them over there in my car right now."

Such hurrying and scurrying you never saw. Soon the two baskets were full of apples, cookies, candy and popcorn balls.

"Let's send some valentines, too," suggested Melvin.

The children looked through all their valentines and picked out those that had no names written on them. They put them into a box and tied it to the handle of the basket.

When the children went home they said, "Goodbye, Miss Wilkin. This is the very best party we have ever had."

Something to Read

WE ARE likely to think that an Indian is an Indian, and that is all there is to it. But it is not so simple as that. There has always been the greatest difference among the tribes in the different parts of the country. The Indians of the Southwest built houses, raised corn and sheep, made pottery, wove rugs and worked silver jewelry; those of the great plains wore leather clothes, got their food by hunting, lived in tents and moved their camping ground often. The two books on this page tell about two very different tribes of Indians, the Sioux of the plains and the Navahos of the desert.

MY INDIAN BOY- HOOD

Chief Standing Bear
Houghton Mifflin Co.

(Ages 8 to 14)

WHEN he was eight years old, Ota K'te went on his first buffalo hunt. Young as he was, he had learned to stick to his pony in spite of everything and to make and use bow and arrows. When he found himself alone in a cloud of dust and surrounded by stampeding buffalo, he had a moment of terror. Then he remembered his training, and looked around for a young calf "about his own size." Though no one expected so small a boy to make a kill, he brought the animal down. When he went home, his father was so proud of him that he gave away a pony, and got an old man to sing a song of praise about it to the whole camp.

Ota K'te received the same training as his ancestors for generations before him. As soon as he was old enough to sit on a horse he was given his own pony. He and the pony learned together all the stunts they would need when he was a man and went on the buffalo hunt or the war path. In addition, he learned all the nature lore of the Indians—how the bear paints

his face with white clay and admires himself in the water; how the prairie chickens dance at sunrise; how the deer shakes off her pursuers; which plants are good to eat and which are good to heal. He also learned to admire the virtues of courage, faith and generosity, for which the chiefs and medicine men were chosen, so that he, too, was later selected to be a chief.

I cannot imagine a boy who would not enjoy this story of Indian life. Girls who like adventure will find it a splendid book, too.

WATERLESS MOUNTAIN

Laura Adams Armer; Longmans, Green

(Ages 12 to 16)

ALTHOUGH Younger Brother lives not very great distance from a trading post, his life is little touched by our civilization. He is the heir of a long Navaho tradition. His mother is the best weaver, his father is the best silversmith and his uncle is a very wise medicine man. Uncle teaches Younger Brother, for he sees that the boy has the instinctive wisdom that will make him a good medicine man also. So Younger Brother learns the legends of his people, and all day long as he herds his mother's sheep he thinks of them.

Sometimes he visits the cave where he keeps his treasures. There are the four pieces of petrified wood which the wind uncovered for him, the little pottery bowl that the rain washed out and gave to him, the garnet that the ant people brought up from underground for him and the feather that Yellow Beak, the eagle, dropped down to him. All these creatures, he feels, gave him gifts because they love him.

The book tells the story of Younger Brother's life for several years, from his little boyhood to the time when he is old enough to join the young men at the dance of the girls. He attends the ceremonies of his people. He starts to ride to the wide water of the west, and has many adventures by the way.

You will be astonished to find how much the Navahos are taken up with the idea of beauty. It is shown in their beautiful weaving and pottery and silverwork. It also reconciles them to the hardships of life.

—JULIA CABLE WRIGHT.



A Sioux artist



The two paintings are from the Exposition of Indian Tribal Arts which has begun a two-year tour of the entire country. The "Navaho Goat Herder" is by Oqwa Pi. The man in the war bonnet is "Dog Dancer" by Wo-Peen, also a Navaho. The Zuni jar below was drawn by a fourth grade Indian Junior. Money from the National Children's Fund has been used to pay for lessons in rug weaving and pottery and basket making in Indian schools in order that these old Indian arts should not be forgotten.



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My first wish is to see the whole world at peace and the inhabitants of it as one band of brothers.

—GEORGE WASHINGTON

WASHINGTON'S "FIRST WISH" AND DISARMAMENT

WASHINGTON had been through wars. He knew what he was talking about when he said that the thing he wished most of all was a peaceful world. This month the Disarmament Conference is scheduled to meet in Geneva, a conference towards which all mankind has been looking forward hopefully. What is decided there will have an effect that all of us will feel for many years to come. Will there be a decrease in the burden of taxes that every nation is getting from its people to keep up its armies and navies? Will the conference find a way to cut armaments and yet maintain safety? Will it find a way also to decrease fear and suspicion between nations?

On November first, the leading nations promised that for a year they would not build up any farther their military establishments. This gives a breathing space just now when all the world is poor.

Every citizen of the United States and of Canada has reason to be proud of the greatness of experiments in disarmament—the four-thousand-mile boundary line between the two countries without ever a fort or a military troop.

[134]

Yet when the Rush-Bagot agreement was signed more than a hundred years ago plenty of people said such a thing was sheer madness.

The agreement came about in this way. When our War of 1812 with England was over, there were many citizens who were convinced that the only safe thing to do was to strengthen the guard on the border of Canada. We must hurry, they said, to build more forts along the boundary and to launch more battleships on the Great Lakes. It happened that a young man of thirty-two named Richard Rush was in charge of an important office in Washington while his chief was away. To that office came some of these requests. But Rush believed he could think of a better plan. And he suggested to the British ambassador, whose name was Bagot, that instead of building up defenses along the border, both countries should just agree to do without any at all. In 1817 the Rush-Bagot agreement was signed and the first unarmed boundary in the world was arranged. Think what a lot of money and trouble have been saved both countries since then!

PEOPLE

I don't like
Faces
That are crossish.
I don't like
People
That are rushy.
I like medium quick ones—
Half slow.

—Nancy, 4½ years, Broadoaks
Nursery School, Pasadena, California.

LAST CALL FOR THE INTERNATIONAL POSTER

JUNIOR members in twenty-seven countries are working on posters to submit to the judges at the League of Red Cross Societies. By June 30, 1932, those selected as best in the various countries will be gathered in Paris. The one chosen there will be offered as the world poster for all Junior Red Cross societies for 1933-34.

It is primarily in this spirit of collaboration and in order to be useful to the world-wide organization of which they are a part, that all Juniors have been invited to share in the effort to produce the universal J. R. C. poster.

Remember that all posters submitted by members of the American Junior Red Cross must be in the proper area office of the Red Cross—at San Francisco, St. Louis or Washington—by MARCH 15th.



ALEXANDRIA PRINT SHOP

George Washington's Copy Book

FRANCES MARGARET FOX

The Washington coat-of-arms is silver with red stars and bars and gold and red crest

NEARLY two hundred years ago a boy in old Virginia did a bit of careful writing with his quill pen, in a new copy book which is now so precious that its present owner would not sell it for all the gold in the world. The writer of the copy book, or rather books, for there are two volumes, was fourteen-year-old George Washington, and the owner is Uncle Sam. The original covers of these copy books were lost in the long ago, and if the boy who wrote them could have known that the day would come when his school-boy writing would be bound in the richest, softest purple leather trimmed with gold, he might have dropped his quill pen in surprise.

One of the two books is on the subject of mathematics, and a glance through the pages proves that the fourteen-year-old Washington's knowledge of surveying was a credit to his teacher. It was not luck, but his hard work as a student, that made it possible for George Washington, while he was a boy in years, to earn a man's pay for measuring boundaries of vast estates.

A great deal has been printed recently about pictures of ships and blue jays and all sorts of things that George Washington is said to have drawn on the margins of his copy book entitled "Forms of Writing" including "Rules of Civility and Decent Behavior in Company and Conversation." These stories are not true. He did not make a single picture nor draw one unnecessary line in either of these books, excepting a few ornamental scrolls of which he was doubtless proud. He must have practiced making flourishes a long time before he made the pleasing decorations on each side and one below the word "Finis" at the end of his "Rules of Civility."

The copy books came into the possession of our government in the years 1834 and 1849, when Congress bought the Washington papers from the family. At first they were cared for by the State Department, and there it was discovered that Mount Vernon mice had nibbled at the bottom pages of "Forms of Writing." Now these treasures, bound in purple and gold, are preserved in the Library of Congress.

Most interesting of all the things Washington wrote in his "Forms of Writing" are the "Rules of Civility," one hundred and ten in number, which close the volume.

It was long believed, by those who should have known better, that the boy George made up these rules and that it was he who was the author of the sentiment in rule 110 which many boys and girls after his time were obliged to commit to memory:

"Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience."

Even yet it is not positively known how George Washington came by these rules, but they have been traced to their origin in France. It seems that away back in the year 1595, some Jesuit fathers in their college wrote a set of rules of courtly behavior for the education of young French gentlemen. In time the rules were translated into perfect Latin by a Jesuit father, who added a chapter about proper behavior at the table. His work was translated into German, Bohemian and Spanish and again into French.

In the seventeenth century, in London, there was an eight-year-old boy named Francis Hawkins who was studying French. Some one gave him a French copy of the "Rules of Civility," and the boy had such a curiosity about the contents of the book that he began to work his way through the puzzle of foreign words.

Francis' father, Dr. John Hawkins, and his two uncles were men of importance. The boy's father was not only a physician, but he had already published five books of his own when he discovered his son really making headway with his translation of the French book. The little

fellow worked with amazing patience until one day he finished his task and gave his translation of the "Rules of Civility" to his proud father, who immediately took the manuscript to his publisher, William Lee. In 1640 William Lee printed it in a book. When he gazed proudly on his son, Dr. John Hawkins may have had to remind himself of rule fifty-four, beginning "Play not the Peacock."

Perhaps Uncle Thomas and Uncle Henry had a lot of fun helping the boy Francis prepare that great surprise for his father. It seems likely that this was how Francis worked his way through the entire translation. Several editions of the book were printed, and one copy is in the rare books division of our Library of Congress.

Maybe George Washington's father or one of his brothers, all of whom were educated in England, owned copies of the Hawkins book. Anyway, before he went to live with his brother Lawrence at Mount Vernon, George Washington had written these rules, somewhat simplified, in his famous copy book, and he practiced them all his life. To be sure he had his father's fine example to follow until he was eleven, and his brother Augustine with whom he went to live after his father's death was a courteous gentleman, too; and after that at Mount Vernon, in the home of his brother Lawrence, George continued his education in proper behavior. Moreover, he chose the best company, and this

is his rule, number 56, taken from the copy book:

"Associate yourself with men of good Quality if you Esteem your own Reputation; for 'tis better to be alone than in bad Company."

Dr. Moncure D. Conway, who made a study of the copy books, believed that these same rules of civility were taught in all the famous old mansions of Virginia. Rule 8 in the copy-book says, "At Play and at Fire it's Good Manners to Give Place to the last Comer, and affect not to Speak Louder than Ordinary." In the days before central heating systems, giving up a place at the fire was quite a test of good manners.

Mr. Conway entered the Fredericksburg Academy just a hundred years after George Washington recorded the rules. He recalled some words of the principal on gentlemanly behavior. Speaking of some former pupil, who had become distinguished, the principal said: "I remember, on one occasion, in a room where all were gathered around the fire—the weather being very cold—that some one entered, and this boy promptly arose and gave the newcomer his seat at the fire. It made an impression on me which I have never forgotten." The rules of civility must have been taught in the academy where Washington went to school.

After all, every one of them has its true origin in the Golden Rule that George Washington followed all the days of his life.

Felipe's Best Debate

(Continued from page 127)

foreman told me the Mexicans were lazy and that was why they were so slow! I'll investigate—Oh, pardon me, your Honor."

The judge motioned for Felipe to proceed.

"Secondly," Felipe continued, "when that constable said my father was stealing, our family was hearing him chop. He would chop and rest, for his back hurt, chop and rest, chop and rest. But never did we hear him rest long enough to go and steal."

The judge nodded.

"Not a bad alibi," he commented.

"Thirdly," Felipe struggled along, this time waving his report card, "you see I got number one mark for honesty in school citizenship. Would I be honest if I had no honest father? He tell me,—Felipe, you find a penny on the playground, run quick with it to the teacher."

And last Christmas we got two baskets from charity and my father said 'mistake' and he quick took one basket back to charity. But charity said, 'keep both, for your children are too skinny.'"

Felipe dropped down to the bench shaking with fear that he had not debated well enough to save his father from jail.

A moment of silence followed. This was broken by a ringing verdict from the judge.

"The charge against Pedro Bernal is dismissed!"

Then all at once Pedro Bernal was embracing his family. Mr. Givens was presenting the red ax to Pedro Bernal. The constable was shaking Felipe's hand and declaring gruffly, "Boy, you're sure some lawyer! I'll bet this was the best debate of your life."



Juniors of Johannesburg, South Africa, with their pets

From Gold and Diamond Land

DOWN in South Africa just now the long summer vacation is ending and the children are going back to school. Judging by the letters that are sent in their international school correspondence albums, young South Africans are just as devoted to their far south land and just as proud of it as we are of our own country. A letter from a school in Stanford in the Cape Province says:

"There is room enough for the people, for they average only eight to the square mile, and so life is freer than in the thickly populated countries of Europe. People can camp on the shore or by the river, can bathe and fish and gather the flowers of the veld, without giving offense to private owners.

"In this country there is a spirit of comradeship which prompts people to take an interest in each other's welfare. When calamity happens, there are many helpers and a farmer will willingly ride ten miles or more to get a doctor for a neighbor.

"The sunny climate favors an open-air life and riding and shooting, cricket and football, golf and tennis are enjoyed to the full.

"Between the people and the soil there grows up a tie so strong that when South Africans visit Europe, they are glad to return to their beloved land, with its freer life and sunnier skies."

This, from a school at Port Elizabeth, sounds as if the American correspondent had made a funny mistake:

"We thank you very much for your letter and album. It was very interesting, but we had to

laugh when you told us what food you eat and what clothes you wear. Perhaps you thought we were little black boys and girls and ate different food and wore different clothing. You will be surprised to hear that more American cars are used out here than any other cars. Our principal takes an American paper called the *Ladies' Home Journal* and we see it when she has finished reading it, so you see you do not seem to be so far away, after all."

A letter from a school in Burgerville tells all about diamond mining in South Africa:

"It is not very long since diamonds were discovered in South Africa. The first one was picked up by a poor man named Van Niekerk, in the Vaal River. Then somebody bought it from him and gave it to the Governor, Sir Philip Woodhouse. This was in 1867.

"The biggest hole dug by men in the whole world is the Open Mine at Kimberley. This mine is an old crater. It is full of gravel, or kimberlite. In this kimberlite the diamonds are found. Sometimes the gravel is sorted on tables by hand, but mostly this is done by machinery. In most up-to-date places they have tables over which belts with a sticky material work. When all the soil and water is washed away, only the heavy articles stick to the belts, and in this way the diamonds are found.

"The biggest diamond ever found is the Cullinan Diamond. Before it was cut and polished in Amsterdam, Holland, it was as big as a man's closed fist, and worth about £100,000. It was cut into nine big diamonds and ninety-six smaller ones, and all of them are now among the

Crown jewels belonging to the British Empire.

"Alluvial diamond digging is a handicap to South Africa. When a new diamond field is proclaimed, many people go there to seek their fortunes. They live in huts and often they have little food to eat. There are schools on some of the diggings, but on the others the children grow up without any education. Even when there are schools it is very difficult to get the children to attend school, because they are so ill-clad and underfed, and they have to work.

"When a new diamond field is discovered, it is first prospected to see if there are enough diamonds to proclaim it as a public digging; then it is proclaimed. On a certain day everybody gets a chance to run and peg off his claim. One must pay five shillings for a claim, which is usually ten by ten feet.

"Diamonds bring in much revenue, as South Africa produces over ninety per cent of the world's diamonds. We must be very careful not to overstock the market or else the diamonds will become very cheap.

"We have much trouble with the natives in connection with diamonds—they take pieces of glass and make them look like diamonds by baking them in milk and then polishing them. Then they sell these to people who do not know the test for a diamond. Tests for a diamond are—a diamond cuts diamond or glass; diamonds are very brilliant; they are heavy.

"We also have the state diggings in Manaqualand. Private people may not dig there. The reserve is guarded by police, and everybody is searched before entering or leaving. If people were allowed to dig, then the market would very soon be flooded.

"Some people are lucky. There once was an old woman and her child. They were very poor and went about searching in the already washed soil, to see if there were no diamonds left. They searched one heap and found a diamond worth £1,000. But only a few people are lucky enough to find big diamonds; hence the saying 'Once a digger, always a digger.'

"Kimberley is the oldest, the richest and also

the biggest diamond field in South Africa. The richest alluvial diggings are at Alexander Bay which belong to the state, and are state controlled."

In the same album was this letter about South Africa's great gold field on the Rand in the Transvaal:

"Gold was first discovered in 1884 on the Witwatersrand by a certain Struben. Immediately afterwards Johannesburg sprang up, for hundreds of people flocked there. Then a railway line was built. Trade followed. It was on account of Johannesburg and Kimberley that trade and industry developed in our country, because before gold or diamonds were mined we had no inland railways, hence no means to export our produce. Consequently farming was no asset to our country. But when these towns sprang up, railways followed, and we immediately had markets both inland and overseas, and our farming trade progressed immensely.

"Johannesburg is the leading gold producing city in the whole world, for it produces fifty-one per cent of the world's output of gold.

"Some of the shafts are 7,400 feet deep. The gold-

bearing quartz goes down ten thousand feet, but it is not worked so deep.

"Natives work in the mines under white overseers. They come from their native lands and are employed on the mines. They work very cheaply, getting about £4 a month. These natives work on the mines for a few months and save their money, then go back to their villages and buy cattle. They live in compounds, and are not allowed to have brandy.

"Many workers are subject to tuberculosis in the mines. The workers are examined every month to see if they are still fit for employment. All sufferers are compensated by the mining companies.

"There is always a danger that our gold mines will become exhausted, but as the Transvaal is very rich in minerals, probably some other minerals will be mined just as extensively as gold is now."



M'CLAREN, SOUTH AFRICA, HIGH SCHOOL

The Great Trek. A large number of Boer settlers in 1835, tiring of British government restrictions, trekked north into unsettled country. They underwent many of the difficulties of our own western pioneers, and finally founded the Orange Free State

Correspondence P's and Q's Again

IN the past, we have reminded you that every correspondence album should be acknowledged as soon as received and that a good letter, not just a notice, should be sent. We are happy to tell you now that many of the letters of acknowledgment from our schools are being sent promptly, are carefully composed and often show what fine use is being made of the material received from far-away correspondents. The Elementary School at Santa Maria, Ilocos Sur, Philippine Islands, must have been pleased to have this one from the Junior High School at Stoughton, Wisconsin:

"We want you to know how much we appreciated your album. Our local newspaper had an interesting description about it. We all enjoyed looking at the pictures, and reading the descriptions about them. The accounts gave us a good idea of your history. Many of us wish that we could write as beautifully as you have written.

"The cover for your book was very appropriate. It was beautifully painted and most attractive.

"Last Tuesday we had a night school. This gave our parents an opportunity to visit our classes. Your album, which you had so carefully prepared for us, was shown at that time. We are also planning to show it to our service clubs in the city.

"We shall send you another album later in the year."

This one from the Millard School of Beaumont, Texas, to Ibi School in Gifu Prefecture, Japan, has the story of an interesting exchange between the schools:

"We think you must be mind-readers, for how else could you know that we needed the silk-worm exhibit you sent us? We are going to study about the silk industry just as soon as we complete the study of cotton, and how wonderful it will be to have specimens of silkworms, cocoons, thread and silk right from Japan.

"All the pupils in our school have seen the exhibit, and at the next Junior Red Cross Council meeting we are going to show it to representatives from all the other city schools.

"We wish to tell you, though, that the two silkworm moths were almost destroyed and had to be removed from the box, so we ask you, if it

is possible, to send us duplicates. We would appreciate your doing this.

"The cover of the box in which the exhibit came was so attractively decorated. We noticed that the flags of our two countries were joined in friendship. This makes us know that you are sincere Junior Red Cross members with a feeling of good-will toward everyone.

"The cotton exhibit that we are sending to you was prepared by us after having studied about the cotton industry. While there is not very much cotton grown near Beaumont, we were intensely interested in it, because Texas leads our nation in the production of cotton.

"We had some difficulty in finding the boll weevil; in fact our agriculturist secured an egg and hatched one!

"Please write to us and tell us more about your country."

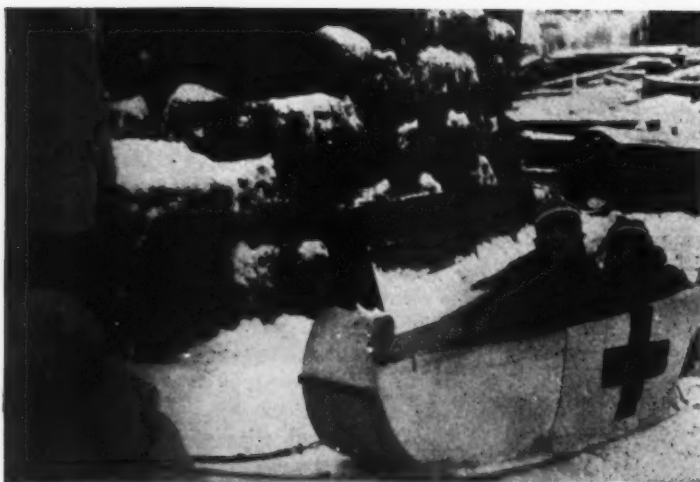
Another thing we have asked is that in every album there shall be at least one letter telling about the Junior Red Cross activities of the sending school. Here is a good one from the Home Members' Circle in Wellington, New Zealand, to the Central High School, Evansville, Indiana:

"We are sending you an album which we hope will prove of interest to your members and give them some idea of what our beautiful country is like.

"We belong to the Home Members' Circle. A Junior Red Cross Home Member is one who does not belong to a regular Circle; for instance, one who is being educated at home, an invalid and so on. Our Junior Red Cross work consists chiefly of assisting at Headquarters, buying and distributing Christmas dinners to needy families and making garments for Mother Hubbard's Cupboard.

"Mother Hubbard's Cupboard is a large cupboard kept at Headquarters to which Juniors all over New Zealand send garments which are distributed to the poor and needy children when required.

"The ages of our present Home Members range from seven years to nineteen years of age. Even the little ones help us in our work by running messages and taking gifts to children in hospital."



Outpost nurses making their rounds in a dog sled

Red Cross Outposts

RUBY E. HAMILTON

IS there any Canadian boy or girl who is not interested in adventure and especially when the scene of the adventure is laid in our own great northern spaces? Canada, as a nation, is still young and ever since Confederation the statesmen who have had the responsibility of ruling our country and directing our immigration policy have arranged for new settlers to come from the old countries. They have placed them on the land in the unsettled parts of our provinces, in order that the forests might be cut, the land cleared, the soil cultivated and civilization advanced. This, of course, is the history of all new countries.

These young men and women who come to Canada are filled with hope and enthusiasm, and are prepared to endure hardships in order that they may establish homes for their families and provide a future for their children. Their homesteads usually adjoin one another, and are situated within driving distance of the railway, and, as transportation facilities improve and roads are constructed, small villages spring up. Practically all the needs of the homesteaders can be met in the village stores, school, church, post-office, etc., so long as the settler and his family remain well, but if he or some member of his family becomes ill and the nearest doctor, nurse and hospital are miles away, where can he turn for assistance and advice?

The Canadian Red Cross in 1922, while making a study of the health needs of our northern country, soon realized that one of the greatest services that could be rendered to our new settlers was a nursing and hospital service to the people living in these isolated rural districts. Certain points were chosen and surveys made, and, later, small outpost hospitals were estab-

lished in many small centers where this type of service was greatly needed. The local people were quick to appreciate the value of such a service and offered to rent an empty log or frame house, or perhaps some settler donated the land and sufficient funds were raised to build a simple structure. Each family in the community contributed either in money or labor, all being anxious to share in this project.

The outpost hospitals vary in size according to the number of people living in the locality. If the district is fairly well settled, the building must be large enough to meet the demand, but if the district is sparsely settled, probably accommodation for two patients and a cot for a child will be sufficient. The larger outposts require a staff of two or more nurses and the smaller ones have only one nurse.

Perhaps a description of the smaller type of outpost may prove interesting. The house is built of logs, wood or stucco and consists of six or seven rooms. Two rooms are provided for patients and the equipment is supplied by the local people, but very often assistance in furnishing the outpost is received from clubs or private individuals in distant cities who have heard about this work and are interested.

The equipment is simple, but the wards are bright and sunny and spotlessly clean. The nurse's sitting room, which serves as a dining room and general sitting room, is made as attractive as possible with inexpensive painted furniture and bright chintz. One small room is set aside as an office and surgical-dressing room. These, with the sleeping quarters and kitchen, complete the building.

Usually the house is heated by a furnace, but sometimes by stoves in which wood only is

burned. A few have electricity, but more often lamps and candles supply the light. The only water supply may be a well in the garden, and soft water is stored in covered rain barrels or cisterns. The gardens are not as elaborate as city gardens, as the long severe winter of the north makes it difficult to cultivate many flowers, although vegetable gardens yield most abundantly. Small spruce trees are brought from the forests and transplanted around the building, very often by the members of the Junior Red Cross from the village school.

Some of the outposts are very picturesquely situated. One is on a peninsula in the north channel of Lake Huron, and from every window can be seen lovely views of the lake and islands. Another has its garden leading down to one of those little dark lakes of the north edged with virgin forest and gorgeous in its autumn coloring. Another is in a pine grove, while others are placed near the main highway in order to be easily accessible. The Red Cross will maintain these outposts if the community will provide the building and equipment.

Now, what are the duties of the nurse in these small outpost hospitals? First of all, she must be a public health nurse, and, in addition to carrying out the doctor's orders for any sick person who may be admitted, she must also be ready to answer calls to the homes and attend to her public health visiting in the schools and district. If the roads are good, she may use a car during the summer months and drive a horse and cutter in winter. One nurse has three beautiful huskies and a dog sleigh, and she has traveled as many as one hundred miles in one week in this manner. Some go on snowshoes and skis when the snow is very deep, while others who are less venturesome walk or are driven by the farmers.

There is great variety in the life of the outpost nurse, for she must be ready to answer any call that may come. One day, during the early spring when the logs that had been cut during the winter were being floated down the swollen creek, a young boy of seventeen was trying to guide them by the aid of a long pole and spike, when he lost his footing and fell between them into the rushing water. Great excitement followed, but in a

few minutes he was rescued and brought to land in an unconscious state. Although there were several men around him, no one knew what to do in order to resuscitate him. The nearest outpost was seven miles distant and the nearest doctor thirty miles. One of the men immediately started for the nurse at the outpost, while another went to telephone for the doctor. A half hour elapsed before the nurse arrived. In the meantime, nothing had been done to revive the boy. The nurse at once showed them how to do resuscitation, but, alas, it had not been started in time, and the young boy died. This made such an impression upon the men that they asked to have the nurse demonstrate resuscitation to all the men of the lumber camps, as well as to the school children of the district. This request could not be granted for the lumber camps, but today there are very few boys and girls in that district who do not know how to give first aid to an apparently drowned companion.

On another occasion when the nurse was examining the school children, one pupil asked the nurse to visit her home as she had a small brother who had been lame since birth and the parents had been unable to have the child examined by a doctor. The following day the nurse drove to the little shack on the homestead five miles away and found a small boy of four unable to walk because he had a dislocated hip. She explained to the parents how important it was that the child should receive treatment as soon as possible, and told them that the Crippled Children's Fund of the Junior Red Cross was available for such cases. Finally, arrangements were made to have the child taken to the city hospital, where he was treated and now he is running about like any normal boy.

—The Canadian Red Cross Junior



Dogs bringing in a patient from an Arctic gold mine



Juniors of Kalispell, Montana, with pottery sent them by their Pueblo Indian correspondents of Acoma, New Mexico. The Kalispell Juniors send toys every year to the Pueblo Juniors

How Juniors Keep Busy

A LONG-FELT want at the North Shore, Massachusetts, Babies' Hospital was filled when the Juniors of Salem, Massachusetts, gave it an electric orange-juice squeezer. These same Juniors also provided built-in bookcases for the Tuberculosis Society's new health camp for Salem children. Their Junior Service Fund was used to provide books for the libraries at the Old Ladies' Home and the Bertram Home for Aged Men. At the spring meeting of the Junior delegates held at the Salem Red Cross office, four members were appointed to visit the Homes and find out what the old people wanted. They also bought seven books for boys and girls in the Children's Ward of the Salem Hospital.

Not satisfied with gifts of books, they have also ordered a small wheel chair for the ward. This will have on it a plate showing that it is the gift of the Salem Junior Red Cross.

THE Junior Red Cross of Albania was organized only this last autumn, but they are already planning to enter the international contest for a Junior poster. Members in the Albanian Vocational School printed a handbill to let the Juniors know about the rules of the contest. Then the senior Albanian Red Cross had it printed in the daily newspaper of Tirana on the Albanian Independence Day. It took up nearly a whole page. The ministry of education of Albania is helping the Juniors to organize. It helped the Red Cross work out a Junior manual for teachers. This was printed in the printshop of the Albanian Vocational School.

[142]

BROWNFIELD, Pennsylvania, School corresponds with the Santa Fé, New Mexico, Indian Boarding School. Recently they sent this letter:

Our second grade received a nice box of toys, dolls, and booklets from your second grade last week. When our teacher told us about it, we were very much interested and of course asked her to show them to us.

She did so and we liked all of the things very much. We have placed them in a glass case on the first floor of our building. We have in this case all of the many things you have sent us. Then when we have visitors your gifts are shown and explained.

After seeing and talking about second-grade gifts, we wondered what we could send that might bring joy to you, also. Then we read the letter again and decided to make something for your hospital, although we are hoping by the time you receive our valentine booklets everyone will be well and happy.

We bought many of the valentines and our teacher, Mrs. Eicher, did also. The valentines were the ones we received last year. We made booklets like these before, for the Children's Ward in our city hospital. The one on the front page can be opened out and pasted. We couldn't do that because it wouldn't pack nicely.

Our room is going to have a valentine post box and it will be opened at three o'clock on Valentine Day. We are all hoping to receive many valentines and hope you do, too.

THE Senior Red Cross volunteers this winter are working hardest at making clothing for children so that they will be able to remain in school. Sewing classes in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, schools are working on material furnished by the Red Cross. About twelve hundred garments were given to school children by the District of Columbia Chapter through the Parent-Teachers' Association in Washington during October and November. These included warm dresses for girls, shirts for boys, stockings and shoes and sweaters. Many were new garments

and some were reconditioned. Shoes were mended in cobbling classes conducted in a District colored school. Juniors are helping hundreds of Chapters throughout the country in similar work.

JUNIORS of the public schools of Des Moines, Iowa, have a little booklet all about their Junior Red Cross. It tells how the J. R. C. began, what its aims are and what it expects of its members. The booklet also tells how it is organized in Des Moines and what the Des Moines Junior activities are. These members give one-third of their Service Fund to the Parent-Teacher Association for their fund to buy shoes for needy children. For two years they have been sending gifts to the children at the Sac and Fox Indian Sanatorium at Toledo, Iowa. Some of the members visited the sanatorium and found that although the government gives the Indian children food and clothing, it cannot afford many playthings. So every year the superintendent of the sanatorium tells the Juniors the age and sex of each of his children, and the Juniors send them clothing, games, books and toys. For several years these Juniors have been interested in the Educational Home for Serbian War Orphans at Vranje, Serbia. This booklet tells all about Serbia and Jugoslavia, of which Serbia is a part. It describes the country, recounts its history and folk stories, and tells about its peasant costumes and art. Every school has several copies, so that the members can read about it all.

THREE hundred jars of jams and jellies were sent by Juniors of John Quincy Adams School of Washington,

D. C., to soldiers in the hospitals. The work of canning was done under the direction of the domestic science teacher. In the seventh and eighth grades twenty children formed the Junior Red Cross Club and did all their work through it. The others did the canning as a part of their regular class work. These Juniors also made thirty attractive dresses for needy children.



Indian Juniors of Genoa, Nebraska, with scrapbooks they made for sick children. They also sent Valentines to the veterans. Some of these children are Sioux

clothing and medical help during the winter months. No wonder they report they have done very little else that cost money!

THE Juniors in the White Plains, New York, schools made over 350 valentines which they sent to their adopted Veterans' Hospital in Alexandria, Louisiana. Juniors from the neighboring town of Mount Vernon also remembered the veterans in their adopted hospital in Memphis, Tennessee, with three hundred valentines.

THE Junior Council of Newark, New Jersey, invited representatives of the J. R. C. of the neighboring towns of Cranford and Elizabeth, to attend their meeting.

IN Alhambra, California, the Juniors want particularly to be fit for service. So they study their health rules and try their best to live up to them. One class has a No Cold Club.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

February, 1932

	Page
COVER	Lisl Hummel
WASHINGTON AT PRINCETON	Charles Willson Peale 122
A CAT'S TAIL AND A MASTODON	Katharine Gibson 123
LESSONS IN UNNATURAL HISTORY	Eliot Kays Stone 124
Illustration by Helen Reid Cross	
FELIPE'S BEST DEBATE	Amanda Mathews Chase 126
Illustrations by Carl Moon	
MOUNT VERNON GOES TO PARIS	Andrée d'Estrées 128
THE SURPRISE PARTY	Valine Hobbs 131
SOMETHING TO READ	132
THE EXPOSITION OF INDIAN TRIBAL ARTS	133
EDITORIALS	134
GEORGE WASHINGTON'S COPY BOOK	Frances Margaret Fox 135
FROM GOLD AND DIAMOND LAND	137
CORRESPONDENCE P'S AND Q'S... ..	139
RED CROSS OUTPOSTS	Ruby E. Hamilton 140
HOW JUNIORS KEEP BUSY.....	142
LAWS OF HEALTH.....	144

LAWSON HEALTH



1

WASH HANDS ALWAYS BEFORE MEALS



2

BRUSH TEETH AND HAIR NIGHT AND MORNING



3

BREATHE THROUGH YOUR NOSE -



4

WINDOWS OPEN NIGHT AND DAY



5

PLAY IN THE OPEN AIR AS MUCH AS YOU MAY



6

EARLY TO BED - 10 HOURS SLEEP - & EARLY TO RISE



7

WASH ALL OVER WITH SOAP & WARM WATER AS OFTEN AS YOU CAN



JUNIOR RED CROSS

